GRATEFUL. EPPS'S COCOA. HOMŒOPATHIC CHEMISTS.

Vol. IV.—No. 158. MANCHESTER, Saturday, AUGUST 19th. Price One Penny.

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Office of the Superintendent of the Line, Victoria Station, Manchester, June, 1871.

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ST. PETER'S CHURCH,
LEVENSHULME.

SEVERAL things conspired on a recent Sunday to induce us to wend our footsteps in some direction leading elsewhither than to S. Anthony's—the sacred fane which it is our Dominical habit to attend when we are not lured away from the accustomed hassock by some celebrity, orthodox or heterodox, in the religious or ecclesiastical spheres. To be sure we have generally returned from these expeditions dissatisfied, disgusted sometimes, partly from disappointed hope, and partly with ourselves for having been foolish enough to have expected that there was really anything to be learnt, or any good to be had or gotten in such a quarter; but hope springs eternal in the human breast, and the next impostor, whom party warfare or vigorous self-assertion or the misplaced admiration of his half educated admirers has floated into the upper scale of the first column of Saturday's paper, will probably be able to reckon upon us to make one of his hearers. This time, however, it was not one of these delusive attractions which made us wander from the fold. The force was not external but internal. It was, in a manner, centrifugal. S. Anthony's—(they have got into a way of dropping the t; it looks distinguished somehow)—S. Anthony's is what Mr. Herford's young men call one of the churches for the people, otherwise a "free and open" church. It is certainly free as to the manners of its congregation and officials especially, and tolerably free from dust; and the parishioners or neighbours are free to come in and sit where they like. They are also free to stay away, a privilege of which they appear largely to avail themselves. But it is also happily free from the monstrous regiment of women who degrade the inside of St. Luke's, Cheetham, and St. Mary's, Hulme, with their detestable enormities of head gear and other outrageous bedizements. There is no earthly reason, nor, for that matter, is there any heavenly one either, why these women, if they will have their tawdry gewgaws, should not be allocated to the gallery, with a high latticed front, as they are in the Jews' synagogue, or in what our friend Sir Thomas, with a fine taste for distinctions, calls the British House of Commons. They don't dress for men, but against each other, so let them fight it out alone. But although free, S. Anthony's is not open. Now, when we say this, we don't mean that the doors are actually shut, or that the *ostia ecclesiæ* are impassable. They suffer not in this district from any exceptional states of the seasons. The hay there has been this year uninjured, and during the late cattle plague not a single instance of the disease was known in the parish. The fact is that the church is built close up to, wedged up and jammed in hard by buildings of all sorts, which occupy all the neighbourhood except the streets, and they are for the most part narrow and prejudicially encumbered.

Moreover, our parson had taken unto himself wings, and had flown away sea-ward. Not that he had assumed those angelic accessories prematurely, but had taken a return ticket and had gone unto those yellow sands, somewhere at the other side of the island. And as, according to present arrangements, we were not able to quit the lab'ring oar altogether, we determined to desert the shrine of S. Anthony-in-the-slums once more, and try to do our church-going and get a bit of fresh air at one and the same time. We accordingly turned out nearly an hour before the usual time, and set our face steadfastly towards Stockport.

It seemed an untimely hour to be out. We were almost alone. The morning was fresh and clear, and the sun well up, but there seemed nobody about. It was like being out on a week-day before the labourers are astir, minus the greengrocers' carts, the road-sweepers, and the policemen. Only an occasional damsel "doing her steps," not those of the quadrille but of the front door, could be seen, and she, conscious of dishabille, seemed to shrink from notice. By-and-bye the bells began to ring, and we wondered how long it was since we first heard Miss Mary Keeley sing—

'Twas on a Sunday morning,
When the bells began to ring.

At Longsight the group of Nonconformist temples on our left hand were clean and silent. They gave no premonitory sign or sound of the weekly adorations for which they were constructed. Victoria Park on the right looked as if it had just been disestablished. St. John's, further on, was tolling slow as if for a funeral, and by the time our steps resounded under the Rushford railway bridge, the lowest depths of desolation seemed to have been reached. Ascending the hill by the extremely narrow footpath, we shed the frequent tear, not of sensibility, but of perspiration, and entered Levenshulme, when we encountered the first specimens of the church or chapel-going tribes. We came presently on a chapel of the Wesleyan persuasion, on the right hand, and soon after, on the left, was another, of the Congregational order. The mid-way house, suggestive of half-measures, in past ages the home of strong ale, was there, but for all the use it was to us, might have gone all the way thither, as it was shut up. The spire of the church at Levenshulme next appeared in view, and as it was a church we had never seen the inside of, we resolved to go no further than that.

The site of this church was given by Mr. Charles Carill Worsley, of Platt, who also contributed, we believe, to the building, and as that family has been more than suspected of Puritan tendencies for some centuries past, there was a sort of impression that the services would be modelled as much after the conventicle as the Act of Uniformity would allow, and that the theology would smack of Scotland rather than of Oxford. As the church arose, the style of its architecture seemed at variance with this notion, and now that it has been completed and been preached in by various Church dignitaries since its opening in 1860, we suppose it must be taken to be a veritable temple of the Church of England. This church of St. Peter's, at Levenshulme, is quite a model church to look at. Built of light stone, with spire, clock mounted, nave, aisles, and chancel of a sort of conglomerate Gothic, it seems, though of inordinate primness, to say, "You can admire me if you like, I'm not at all shy." It is enclosed, too, in a kind of garden, with flower beds and gravel walks, and in the background are schools, with high pitched roofs and hanging eaves, as if built to imitate card-houses as much as possible. There is one door at the front, in the position of the Exchange entrance opposite Hunt and Roskell's, and there is a porch at the south side as if opposite Messrs. Agnew's front door.

The inside of the church looks loftier than we should have supposed from its appearance outside. It has an open timbered roof of dark stained wood. The wood of the pews is also stained very dark. They are narrow and high, and the sloping-board or book-rest comes so far forward that, without a high stool or hassock, it was impossible to kneel unless you had curled round and knelt at the bench. It seems strange that, in a church whose service-books contain, in almost every page, directions to kneel, such material arrangements should be made as virtually to prohibit kneeling altogether. The congregation, when they ought to have knelt, leaned forward a little; those who were tall enough rested their elbows on the book-slope, and others bent

down their foreheads to it as if in a kind of prostration. The nave is divided from the aisles by light stone pillars, which support the clerestory walls, and at the end is the chancel, at the entrance to which is, at the south corner, the reading desk, a sort of square, low pulpit, and the pulpit proper is at the opposite corner, but rather more inside the chancel than it ought to be. The floor of the chancel is too low, and the altar, as seen from a distance, looks small and mean.

Mr. Hore, the incumbent, rector, or vicar of the church, came up to time into the reading pew. He is tall, of an agreeable presence and portly build. His voice is decidedly good and mellow, and he read his part of the service very well, though there was just a thought, perhaps, of an attempt at "impressiveness" over the Lessons. But there are so many inducements in the Old Testament Lessons to indulge in the declamatory, as on the morning in question in recounting the memorable interview between Elijah and Ahab in the vineyard of Naboth, that a man conscious of a good voice may often be unable to resist the temptation. The musical part was good in intention, but there were not the means to carry it out. The canticles and psalms were chanted, and the responses repeated in a monotone. The organ, little more than a chamber organ, is placed in a kind of recess under the west window, between the two entrances, and there are desks for the singers to the left of the organist, and seats on the other side for a detachment of Sunday School girls who were supposed to form the chorus. Three young ladies, in a pink bonnet, a blue ditto, and a hat respectively, with a young gentleman in attendance on them behind, formed the staff of vocalists. But their slender voices were far too little for the area they had to fill, and even those were constantly overpowered and drowned by the organ, which was played with unusual viciousness.

The church has been lately enlarged by carrying the chancel back one bay, and extending the nave to meet it, by which over two hundred seats have been gained. They do not seem much in favour, however; few, if any, seemed occupied. The south aisle has been continued by the side of the chancel, from which it is separated by a stained-wood screen. Here is just the place for the organ. It would be a great improvement to remove the organ from its present retreat to this little place; the singers would somehow find room for themselves, and the congregation would not remain seated, as they did the other day, until the choir has got well into the first verse, and it then occurs to them that it is proper to rise!

There is a small memorial window on the south side of the church, and the east window in the chancel is filled with stained glass, but what glass! The pattern must have been made from a kaleidoscope. There is nothing like it in the heavens above or in the earth beneath. Surely they are not Mahometans at Levenshulme. If we might advise these good folk, we would say, away with the abomination, and fill the space with Scripture subjects, in bright colours. After which done, let somebody steal the clergyman's bands, about the last left in Manchester, and let him straightway burn them!

VAIN WISHES.

WRITTEN DURING THE HEAT OF THE MOMENT.

I wish I were a naiad, in crystal streams to lave;
Or mermaid, triton, dolphin, gull—disporting on the wave!
Or, would I were a cucumber, in its hot-bed so cool,
Or water lily, bulrush, sedge, or willow by the pool!
A tadpole must be happier now than he who wears a crown,
Excepting, perhaps, old Neptune, who holds his court deep down
Within his watery regions, where he can Sol defy,
And laugh at land-cooped monarchs, as listlessly they lie
Bathed in a perspiration, in spite of Wenham ice
Dissolved in all the cunning drinks of Uncle Sam's device;
For neither sherry-cobbler, mint-julip, nor gin-sling,
Are competent to give relief to subject or to king!

[HOLIDAY NOTES AND RAMBLES.]

MALHAM AND GORDALE.

THE excursionists' way of getting to Malham from Manchester and thereabouts, would be by rail to Bell Busk, a few stations past Skipton, and thence by 'bus or coach for a distance of five miles. If no time were lost he might thus enjoy a visit to two of the most sublime sights in Craven, and return the same day. The pedestrian tourist would very likely go from Barden Tower up the valley of the Wharfe to Kilnsley Crag, and then over the hills. For our own part, we agree with a writer in the *Daily News*, that a leisurely holiday-time is the only holiday-time worth having, and that to be compelled to walk a given number of miles in a day is a nuisance. Therefore, as our readers will perhaps bear in mind, we selected Clapham as our head-quarters in Craven, and all our excursions have been made from that starting place. We have thus been able to combine the advantages of the pedestrian and the lounger, and to lounge or walk as we felt inclined, always experiencing fresh delights.

That is a pleasant walk from Clapham to Austwick, green meadows stretching from the traveller's feet on one side, and green and unconfined hills rising immediately from the pathway on the other. Occasionally a fir plantation spreads a grateful shade above him, and innumerable rabbits start from the cover as he passes. It is the sort of walk along which, in the still summer evening, the student might meditate over his reading, or bring it into that relation with the universe around without which relation knowledge is useless. It was in the morning when we last passed this way *en route* for Malham. In the white village of Austwick—all the Craven villages are white—we heard no sound but the hum of a bee as he sped from cottage garden to cottage garden, and the clink of the blacksmith's hammer. Beyond the latter place the vale narrows into a steep gorge, or rather a steep gorge strikes off from the vale. Here nestles the little village of Wharfe, consisting of a few cottages clustered round a bridge spanning a tree-shaded streamlet. A little beyond we dropped down into a wild part of Ribblesdale. Inquiring our way from a turf-cutter, we were directed across the river to a steep road up the opposite hills. Feeling as if leaving the haunts of civilized beings behind, we commenced the ascent of this road, the incline of which may be best described by saying that it was about midway between the perpendicular and the horizontal, and passing immediately under the brow of Penyghent, across one or two hills, and along a stretch of partially enclosed moorland, we entered a lane leading along a wide and bare green valley. We were now at a considerable elevation, and were continually ascending. At length after some miles of solitary walking, broken only by a short companionship with some Scotchmen, who were driving about four thousand sheep to Kilnsey, to come back shorn, we reached the crest of the hill, and beheld a scene of sudden and fascinating beauty. A little below was a wide green plain, bounded on the one hand by a low range of hills, studded with trees. Far away on the other we could see where the junction of earth and sky formed a line marking the termination of the table-land and the top of the cliffs, below which lay the valley of the Aire. Immediately in front was a broad sheet of water, as blue as the sky overhead, fringed at one end with trees, and reflecting in a myriad ripples the bright beams of the noonday sun.

Our great electrician in no way exaggerated the merits of water when he spoke of it as the simplest, most wonderful, and most beautiful compound in nature. The tourist who rambles over the Craven hills will see few sights which will give him such exquisite sensations of pleasure as those he will experience if he sees Malham Tarn as we saw it. Eager to reach its shores, we hurried down the hill-side, and passing through a gateway towards the head of the lake, discovered that we were walking in the private grounds of the present member for Plymouth. In that gentleman's absence, a gardener assumed the reins of power, and seemed bent upon our ignominious retreat; but a little botanical talk and a hint that we represented the press had a magical effect, and he at length escorted us through the plantation to a road running along the water-side in the direction of Malham Cove. Joining company with the postman who was going our way, we continued our walk along the margin of the gleaming expanse, and then, after a mile or two over comparatively level pastures, our approach to the summit of the precipice was indicated by the increasingly rocky nature of the ground. At length we stood on a singular platform of rock, fissured and

scooped like the stony terrace described in the account of our visit to Chapel-le-dale. Many of the huge layers or slabs rocked as we crossed them. Keeping in the direction of the sky, we reached the brink and looked down from the dizzy height. We were standing on the top of a solid, semicircular wall of limestone forming the head of a narrow dale. Far beneath us was the little river, coming, as it were, from under our feet, and winding amongst boulders and between grassy banks, shaded by trees which looked the size of toys. Beyond was the village of Malham standing in a vale, the soft beauty of which was increased by contrast with our walk over the hills. A pathway leads down one side of the glen, and by means of it we made our way to the bottom of the scarr. No pen can describe the solemn and imposing grandeur of the mighty mass of grey rock, the "vast theatric structure," which seemed to surround us. From a low, dark archway at the bottom issued the stream placid and cold. Beside us was an immense lump of rock fallen from a fracture near the summit. Our companion had heard it fall when passing near the village during a thunderstorm ten years before.

Leaving the place with an almost appalling sense of littleness and of eternity, we made our way to Malham for the purpose of dining. There are two inns in the village. For the convenience of intending visitors we may say that we have had experience of both. The one which we patronized last is styled "The Lister's Arms Hotel," and it is the one we shall patronize if ever we visit Malham again. After dinner we walked to Gordale. To give a peculiar idea of this place to town-bred minds, we may be permitted to quote from an account of a visit to it which we discovered in the visitors' book at the hotel. The narrative commences in a male handwriting, but after the gentleman had laboured to describe the entrance to the defile between cliffs which gradually approach, a female writer appears to have impatiently taken up the pen, and thus concludes: "Consider yourself in a winding street, with houses a hundred yards high on each side of you: then figure to yourself a cascade rushing from an upper window and tumbling over carts, wagons, fallen houses, &c., in promiscuous ruin, and perhaps a Cockney idea may be formed of these tremendous cliffs."

Our first impression on entering Gordale was one of almost overpowering awe. The farther we advanced the narrower became the defile, and the green and sloping sides changed to bare and fearfully overhanging precipices. Owing to the sinuous nature of the gorge the outside world was at length completely shut out, while the huge rock-ruins strewn about the bottom, were uncomfortably suggestive of the possible descent of the enormous masses poised overhead. But when we reached what seemed the extremity, where the ravine widens into a circular space, an exclamation of delight burst from our lips. Through a perfect ring in the rock at the top of the picturesque masses piled up before us, through which ring we could see the sky, rushed a cascade which, leaping from stone to stone, glided in a stream merrily past our feet. The scene was a singularly unique combination of picturesque beauty and frowning grandeur, and our sensations were strongly combined of pleasure and fear, the former at length predominating as we listened to the music and watched the play of the light. A climb up the face of the rocks by the side of the fall, which feat looks more difficult than it really is, brought us to the summit and behind the ring. When here we found that the dale was continued at this elevation as a mere cleft in the hill-top, the sides of which, green at the bottom and rock-bound at the top, were here and there littered with screes, fallen from the latter. So lonely, and yet so fresh and gentle was the scene after that from which we had just passed, that we were charmed into resting. Imagination went back to the time when the stream first bubbled along the solitary ravine and the first of the numberless stones opposite rolled its way down the bank; and thinking several things as we walked away, we found ourselves muttering Wordsworth's lines—

> The pansy at my feet
> Doth the same tale repeat,

for the grassy plain was thickly studded with large and beautiful yellow pansies.

Crossing the hill-top until we struck into a lane leading back to Malham, we passed through that village and reached Kirkby Malham, whence, after having refreshed ourselves at a comfortable hotel and taken a look at the church, we entered a steep lane which tested our remaining energy considerably. Looking across the country when about half-way up this lane, we obtained a good view of Malham Cove in the distance, the lower part of the scarr being hid, however, by intervening slopes. The shades of evening were gathering over the landscape as we crossed a wild tract of open country and entered the roughest track we have ever descended. Winding along this, and jolting from rut to rock, and from rock to rut, and occasionally resting on the parapets of melancholy bridges and grim ravines, we at length came in sight of the jagged crags at the back of Castleberg, a lofty eminence overlooking the little town of Settle; then of the smoke and housetops of Settle itself; and, passing by fields from which the haymakers were departing, arrived at the railway station. Jumping into a ready train, we were, in a short time, resting beneath a Clapham roof-tree.

DRAWING-ROOM GARDENS.

NO house, whether in country or town, however handsomely it may be decorated with rich carpets, costly hangings, handsome pictures, or expensive upholstery, possesses any furniture half so sweet, half so elegant, as flowers. We can insure our tables, ottomans, and art treasures being all that we wish or our friends admire, but our drawing room shrubs and blossoms are often sad failures. Indeed, we constantly see rooms that look more like hospitals for sick plants than Edens where nature should flourish in health and loveliness. If we can show why this is so, and how the difficulty might easily be overcome, we shall be able to speak of drawing-room gardens with more effect.

It need scarcely be observed that the art is only in its infancy in England, whilst in Russia, Belgium, and Sweden it has made great strides towards perfection. The reason of this is obvious. In the former as well as in the latter country thought and care are more necessary than in our comparatively temperate climate, and have naturally culminated in a success rarely attained by us. As yet we have but a very imperfect knowledge even of the species that will thrive in the dry air of our houses, still less of the treatment they require.

The first object to be attained is "situation." We cannot reasonably expect that existences so delicate as those possessed by tropical or sub-tropical plants should endure with impunity the assaults of rude Boreas, that "blustering railer;" therefore the windows that shelter our gardens should face the south or west Light, too, is an important consideration Sunshine on one side of our beds and comparative darkness on the other are more calculated to ensure disease than health. A cross light is therefore highly desirable. We need not fear the effects of too much sunshine, as blinds will enable us to regulate its ardour; but a deficiency of this life-giving agent cannot be supplied by any means within our present knowledge. In short, the larger the windows and the brighter the room the more will our garden prosper, nor can we imagine any paper more suitable for the walls than light green. In all houses there are working rooms, where the children play, the mistress discharges her domestic duties, or the master writes or reads. These are, even in the best regulated families, somewhat prone to dust, and dust is apt to suffocate. The reception apartments are, therefore, for this and many other reasons, most suitable for horticultural purposes, so there we will fix the site of our garden, and proceed at once to stock it.

It is obvious that the plants we propose to introduce should be natives of such countries as bear some relation to the artificial climate for which they are intended. Thus, for example, they should not, as a rule, come from moist jungles, nor from the full blaze of a tropical sun, because the air of our rooms seldom exceeds 60° Fah., and is never humid. But greenhouse plants always feel more or less the change, when transplanted to our drawing-rooms, and for this the florist should be prepared. He must nurse languid loveliness into strength, and if skill, care, and attention be given, renewed health and acclimatised vigour will generally be the result. It is not wise to be too ambitious in the selection of plants for our indoor garden. Mere beauty is not alone to be considered. We should rather choose such as will be beautiful under the conditions we are able to offer. The neglect of these common sense considerations causes nine-tenths of the disappointment that follows imperfect attempts to decorate our houses with flowers. And this brings us to the more practical part of our subject.

We will begin with Orchids for two reasons—first, they are at present

rarely employed for the particular purpose we have in hand, and secondly, because, if judiciously selected, they are very suitable for the drawing room. In treating this division of our subject, we cannot do better than follow an able article which appeared in a recent number of the *Field*. Some of the Orchidaceæ bloom after their growth is matured, and finish flowering before they again begin to grow. These are best adapted for the sitting room, as they can be transferred to the greenhouse before they recommence what may be called a new epoch in their lives. We may instance some of the Odontoglossa and Oncidia; the *Cœlogyne Cristata*; the *Lycaste skinnerii*, besides many of the bright Cattleyas and Lœlias. Indeed, the *Cœlogyne Cristata* is one of the best of the Orchids for indoor decoration. The writer to whom we refer says—"During the past very severe winter we repeatedly used a fine plant with thirty or forty spikes for the decoration of the dinner-table. Under gas light this is one of the loveliest objects imaginable, the white flowers being dazzling in their purity under the artificial light. The temperature of the house in which this plant was placed during the winter referred to frequently descended to thirty-eight degrees, or only six degrees above freezing." Another Indian Orchid, the *Aërides Odoratum*, will seldom disappoint the purchaser. *Lycaste Skinnerii*, as also its many beautiful varieties, will last for weeks together in any ordinary sitting room, provided the temperature does not sink below forty degrees; and the same may be said of the *Odontoglossum Alexandræ*, and other species, imported from the cool summits of the Peruvian Andes. We cannot follow this able article further, or we might be tempted to give a long list of Orchids suitable for house decoration. We must, however, add the following caution:—"The compost in the pots should be allowed to get comparatively dry before they are removed to a lower temperature, there being several degrees of difference between soil that is dry and soil that is wet."

But Orchidaceous plants, with all their glorious variety of form and hue, are but one of the many orders that may bloom in our homes. There are shrubs whose hue is as gay as that of flowers; there are others whose graceful foliage is a delight. Then there are ferns, many of which thrive admirably in the atmosphere of our rooms; and, lastly, there are scores of flowering plants able to cheer us by their beauty. We will speak of these more in detail as they severally occur to our memory, without observing any other order than may be suggested by the passing fancy. The Geranium may be said to be a new creation, if contrasted with the "wee modest flower" that delighted our grandmothers. Many of the newer varieties, gorgeous in leaf-colour as well as in the size of the clusters of vivid blossoms, thrive well as articles of domestic furniture. For example, the Colehill, with its grand scarlet flowers—the "Beauty of Oulton," clad in flowing drapery of black and bronze—the Maria Le Moine, with its double florets and heavy globose heads of rosy blooms—all answer well if well used. Then Fuschias are quite drawing-room belles, and stand the season famously. Of this graceful family, the Blue Beauty, Roderick Dhu, and Mr. Ballantyne may be mentioned as well fitted to occupy a prominent place in the *belle assemblé* of flowers. They are all of rare beauty, and possess, like the whole class, considerable powers of endurance.

Let us turn for a moment to the consideration of foliage. Shrubs are always very effective if well selected and well treated. Amongst these the *Ficus Elastica*, with its smooth, elegant, elliptical leaves, is, in our opinion, one of the most beautiful, as well as one of the most hardy. Nor must the *Thugia Aurea* on any account pass unnoticed; its luxuriant growth, numberless slender branches peeping out "edgeways," and delicate golden hue, make this plant worthy of a high place in our home parterre.

The *Cypripedium Purpureum* is one of our favourite orchids. It is neither large nor specious, yet its deep purple slipper and striped wings are very attractive. Our nurseryman assures us its constitution will enable it to mix for a time in good society. The *Bigonia Waltoniensis*, the *Eranthemum Tuberculatum*, and the American Primrose—we have a weakness for the last—though by no means amongst the aristocracy of flowers, are worthy of notice. Then there is the family of the ferns, from which a man of taste may make selection. Some of these will answer his purpose, whilst very many would sicken and die if confined to the house. This branch of the subject is too extensive for the close of our paper, which only affords us space to mention the *Adiantum Cuneatum*, the *Petris Cerulata*, and the *Asplenium Cunarum*.

The importance of light, sunshine, and aspect have already been mentioned. We must now say a few words on the subject of heat. The true-born Briton cannot be expected to give up his coal fire for all the plants that ever bloomed. Gas is dear to him, and is in some mysterious manner associated in his mind with the industrial triumphs of his country. Flowers abhor this detestable article, and so do we. It is too bright, too glorious for common use. We therefore reserve it for state occasions, and feel all the better for the self-denial, whilst our flowers look on approvingly with smiling faces. Then, as to our open fireplaces. There is something very delightful in drawing round the cheerful blaze, telling old stories, listening, it may be, to the recital of earlier cares and sorrows, or looking forward to new hopes and interests. The sacred fire on our hearths can never be extinguished; habit and association forbid it. True it is that when the mercury falls anywhere near 32 deg. we are, with our present arrangements, frozen on one side and scorched on the other, like an ill-dressed beef steak. This might be avoided if our houses were heated with hot water. The atmosphere so produced is delicious, the cost of maintaining it is small, and as we have no dust we need a housemaid the less. How our flowers would rejoice at the change, for amongst the many methods of producing heat this is best calculated to ensure their health and beauty.

Experientia docet is particularly applicable to our floriculturist. He will meet with success where perhaps he does not expect it, and encounter disaster where he confidently looks for triumph. But this is the common lot. He must live and learn in his pleasures as well as in matters of graver moment; but if he uses diligence and care, consults persons of more experience than himself, and profits by his mistakes, we promise he shall be master of a drawing-room garden that shall prove the delight of his leisure hours and the envy of his neighbours, and what more can man desire?

TOWN TALK,

AND THINGS IN GENERAL.

MUSIC IN MANCHESTER.

BEFORE the commencement of the musical season proper in Manchester, Mr. Mapleson, we hear, purposes giving a series of operas, and it is probable that Mdlle. Marimon will appear in *La Sonnambula* and *La Figlia del Reggimento*. As the daughter of the regiment, Mdlle. Marimon is regarded as without a rival. We are also to witness the operatic debût here of Miss Cecile Fernandez, a young contralto. She sang some months ago at the Free Trade Hall, and left a very favourable impression. Since then she has won golden opinions on several occasions in London—at Drury Lane, St. James's Hall, and the Albert Hall—and especially as the page in the revival of *Anna Bolena* at Drury Lane Theatre. Mdlle. Marimon's continental engagements will preclude her appearance at any of Mr. Hallé's concerts during the ensuing season. Mr. Sims Reeves, though anxious to appear in Manchester, is resolutely declining any engagements here until he has sung at Mr. Hallé's concerts. At one of Mr. De Jong's promenade concerts, and early in the series, Mdlle. Cora di Wilhörst will appear. She is a soprano vocalist of great promise, and has sung with success at many London concerts.

THE SALFORD COUNCIL AND OFFICIAL HOLIDAYS.

A correspondent has called our attention to a resolution of the Salford Town Council with respect to their clerks' holidays. The letter is too badly spelt to reproduce, but the matter it touches deserves comment. For the future, it appears, clerks in the Salford Town Hall are to have ten days' holiday a year, such holidays to commence on a Saturday, and Sundays to be included. It is evident that the Salford councillors are not wise in their generation, or they would be more liberal in their treatment of their clerks. Already they have lost several of their best men, who have left for higher wages, but yet wages they deserved, and such as it would have well paid the Council to have given them. Again, if our correspondent is to be relied upon, a system of espionage exists which must be very galling to those watched. Confidence begets confidence—mistrust, mistrust—and town councillors should remember that they are after all merely the machines through which the public engages and pays for certain necessary skilled labour. Councillors are too fond of performing vicariously the offices of

surveyors, engineers, and nuisance inspectors, and, as a rule, a pretty mess they make of it. Again, the Salford councillors are not stingy when their own pleasures and hobbies are concerned, but a clerk's expenditure is watched to a threepenny bit point of view. On Wednesday the Water Committee arranged and carried out a pic-nic to Woodhead. To such trips we are by no means inimical; bnt they should be general, not partial; and no Alderman Pellett should be foolish enough to defend them on account of their scientific necessity. The Water Committee purchase so many gallons of water from Manchester annually, but with Woodhead, its reservoirs and its arrangements, they have no business whatever, and any suggestions they might make would only be laughed at. "But," says Mr. Pellett the wise, "we are going to erect a reservoir ourselves, and we must go to Woodhead in order to learn how they are made." If Salford is really going to be foolish enough to build a reservoir, we hope some wiser heads than those of unskilled aldermen will have a voice in its construction. This pic-nic question is intimately mixed up with the holiday question. Have an annual picnic by all means, but invite all the clerks, and let it be really a pic-nic, and not a pseudo-scientific means of spending ratepayer's money.

MR. WALTER MONTGOMERY IN LONDON.

The great vindicator and champion of the legitimate drama, who is about to shake the dust of an ungrateful and unappreciating country from off his feet and seek a fortune in the far West, has been giving the Londoners a brief opportunity of retrieving their character before he finally bids them farewell. Mr. Montgomery has been playing Hamlet, Othello, and Claude Melnotte at the Gaiety Theatre with so much success that he has been compelled "to add several rows to the pit." As it is to be presumed that these rows could only be got by diminishing the space heretofore set apart as stalls, it is obvious that the democracy is sound on the subject of the legitimate drama, whatever the aristocracy may be. In an announcement of the production of *Louis the Eleventh*, Mr. Montgomery states that he "will *attempt* the character of the King," but, upon the whole, we think we prefer his rhodomontade to this sort of modest phraseology.

STREET BEGGING AND THE DAY NURSERY.

Mr. Headlam, the stipendiary magistrate of Manchester, remarked in Court on Monday that he had that day heard, for the first time, of the Jenkinson Street Day Nursery and the system of begging in the streets which it has instituted and fostered. Of course, had it been otherwise, it would have been no part of Mr. Headlam's business to bring the offenders before him; but his observation shows that he doesn't trouble the thoroughfares of the city very much. If he did he could scarcely have failed to come across the day nursery cavalcade at one time of the day or another. It has been a most obnoxious and obtrusive nuisance in Market Street and Piccadilly for many weeks past. Mr. David Eyre, jun., the founder and (as he told Mr. Headlam) the owner of the institution, is probably a well-meaning enthusiast; but, like most one-idead philanthropists, he is just the sort of individual whose philanthropy does as much harm as good—perhaps more. Told repeatedly that his begging plan was calculated to demoralize the children whom he professes to take under his charge, he has persisted, with all the well-known obstinacy of his tribe, in sending out the perambulating machine, its signboard, and its infant in the charge of a red-bloused urchin, until at length the law steps in, somewhat late in the day, and puts a summary end to the discreditable system. We hope this action of the police is an indication of an intended crusade against street vagrancy. Indiscriminate almsgiving does an undiscoverable amount of evil; and its suppression, either by the police or by a Mendicity Society (which Manchester hasn't got), would effect a correspondingly great and wholesome change. Meanwhile, the city is rid of one more nuisance in the banishment from it of the day nursery perambulator.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Correspondents who desire the return of unaccepted communications should enclose stamps for the postage. Orders for copies of the *Sphinx* and back numbers should be addressed to the Publisher and not to the Editor.

No notice can be taken, in the Number for each current week, of any communication received later than Wednesday morning.

THE UNION FOR THE SUPPRESSION OF INTEMPERANCE.

MANCHESTER is the head-quarters of the Teetotal and Temperance movement, and is the home of the wire-pullers of the Alliance, the Licence Amendment League, and the Diocesan Church Temperance Society, as well as of a host of Bands of Hope organizations. Some of these societies exercise an influence which is truly national; others are merely local, or just struggling into existence. Three journals are published to represent and disseminate their peculiar opinions, and the minor societies scatter tracts, fly-sheets, and reports with prodigious profusion. This week we will notice the National Union for the Suppression of Intemperance, which, though the youngest, is just now, for many reasons, the most prominent of Temperance Societies.

According to its secretary, Mr. James Taylor, the National Union had its origin early this year in a number of gentlemen meeting together, who were generally dissatisfied with everybody and everything in the liquor-and-water world. No existing or proposed laws suited their views, and no society covered the ground they thought should be covered. So, parturient, these gentlemen (under the accoucheurship of Mr. Taylor) nascetur the National Union and "a list of suggested amendments." Another account of the birth of the society has been given by Mr. Mark Knowles, of Blackburn, in a letter addressed to Mr. Taylor, in which, after tracing Mr. Taylor's connection with and secession from, first, the Diocesan Temperance Association, and, second, the National Education Union, Mr. Knowles intimates that, as this latest society has no new object and no new ground to cover, it can only have been instituted to give "official positions" to certain persons. Setting aside, however, the manner and motive of its origination, it will be remembered that, in March last, the National Union held a Conference in the Mayor's Parlour, at which, under the chairmanship of Mr. Bremner, and under the patronage of Mr. W. Romaine Callendar, junr., an amendment was carried by an overwhelming majority, to the effect that other societies already occupied the field chosen by the Union, and everybody left the Conference under the impression that the whole thing had collapsed. The newspapers laughed over the disaster, but they reckoned without their host, for the secretary collected his defeated forces, avoided another meeting with the enemy, and in a few weeks issued a prospectus with the names of seventeen archbishops or bishops, a number of earls and lords, and four close pages of deans, canons, prebendaries, J.P.'s and M.P.'s as vice-presidents and committee men. Also a London office, 7, Adam-street, Strand, and one in Manchester, at 28, Cross-street. Amongst the bishops, the Bishop of Manchester does not shine, though he was most earnestly solicited. Moreover, a *National Union Chronicle* appeared, and its use is at once manifest. Facts may be stubborn things, but they lose half their stubbornness when put your own way, and it is needless to say that the report of the fiasco conference of March 30th, as it appeared in the *Chronicle*, is not the report which appeared in the Manchester papers. All these were the inaccurate reports of mere short-hand writers. The *Chronicle* report is the more correct one of Mr. James Taylor, the Society's secretary. The *Chronicle* for August acknowledges the receipt of over £1000 in donations and subscriptions, and it asks for at least £1000 per month to enable it to pursue its glorious career. What its career—apart from Mr. Knowles's strictures—may be, a careful perusal of all the *Chronicles* which have as yet appeared have failed to make clear. It has a programme, but it evidently has no principles. In short, the Union is sailing under all sorts of colours.

The National Union for the Suppression of Intemperance affords an excellent sample of the gullibility of the British public, and is a glorious monument to the energy of one man. In five months after its public and apparently complete annihilation, it has picked up more than £1000, has half the big-wigs in England at its back, and Mr. James Taylor at the helm. Mr. Callender, jun., has wisely withdrawn from the treasurership. Whether if all the patrons, vice-presidents, and committee-men had been at the conference last March, or had had copies of the Manchester papers forwarded to them, they would have allowed their names to be used, is hard to say. If after perusing their own journal they let them remain, the fact does not argue well for their intelligence, for its columns are self-condemnatory. For ourselves, having no sympathy with "the

cause," we only regret so great a waste of useful money. With £1000 per month we could reclaim almost all the lost, untended, uncared for, and ignorant children in Manchester. There is no doubt but that next session a fair licensing bill will be introduced. Let us await this, and in the meantime let Mr. General-Secretary Taylor and the Rev. Dr Garrett devote their undoubtedly great energies in other and unclaimed directions. No one will then grudge them their reward.

"RANDALL'S THUMB."

IT seems curious that a dramatist so clever as Mr. W. S. Gilbert should be unable to write a comedy. In the broader and more fanciful walks of the drama he has brilliantly distinguished himself, and yet when he tries his hand at the supreme test its cunning seems to desert him. Whether it is that the different styles of composition are repugnant and can find no common master, or that apprenticeship at the one branch incapacitates for service in the other, it is difficult to say; but certain it is that while beginners in the vein of comedy like Mr. Albery and Mr. Theyre Smith succeed in it, experienced burlesqu writers like Mr. Gilbert and Mr. Byron seem continually to fail. The demoralizing influence of extravaganza appears to be exercised upon them, and, however much they may rebel against it, they are impelled to offer it to the spectator. Creatures of burlesque! Yet Mr. Gilbert, so far as one has yet had an opportunity of judging, is a cleverer man than either Mr. Albery or Mr. Smith. There was a great deal of cleverness in the writing of *An Old Score*, but its plot was utterly unsuitable, and its failure was a matter of course. So in the present case. In *Randall's Thumb* there is much cleverness, but the plot is one in which it is quite impossible for the audience to take any interest. Mr. Gilbert has burdened himself with the melodramatic idea of dangling a false charge of murder over the head of his hero. With such a pivot for his story to turn upon, it was not within the bounds of possibility that its expression could be made satisfactorily to take the form of a comedy. The piece is accordingly an incongruous mixture of melodrama, comedy, and farce, in which melodrama predominates and comedy is least conspicuous of all. The farcical element is, however, rendered more farcical than need be by the too broad acting of Mr. Charles Steyne.

Even the characters of those whom Mr. Gilbert has grouped around his melodramatic hero are not very happy conceptions. Of an old couple pretending to be a new one, and a new couple pretending to be an old one a little is enough. Three acts of them is too much. And we are disposed to think that the division of all the principal personages into couples helps to mar rather than make the interest. The characters never seem to mix up properly; and there is too much dialogue in pairs, one of Mr. Robertson's faults. The dialogue itself is given a jerky character, in consequence; it is not brilliant either; there are some good things in it, of course, but even these are not of a high order. We remember only one witticism that might find admission into high class comedy, and that smacked strongly of the *School for Scandal*. "Oh, if you regard Mrs. Scantlebury's face as a painting, I admit there is some colour for your admiration."

There are, however, two excellent characters admirably performed: a testy, kind-hearted old bachelor, and an irrepressible spinster, who persecutes him with her attentions. It is worth a visit to the theatre even in the hottest weather to see Mr. Righton and Miss Brennan in these parts. The old gentleman's indignation at having been sat upon by a coroner's jury, and a verdict having been brought in of murder, is a bit of genuine comedy performed as it deserves to be. The rest of the acting was meritorious, particularly that of Miss Bishop as the heroine, but we regret that neither Mrs. Stephens nor Mr. Clayton has been able on this visit to appear in favourable parts.

The "comedy" was followed by an amusing little piece by the same author, more akin to the genus of the *Palace of Truth*, and, therefore, more suited to his powers. We think that *Creatures of Impulse* would have been better written in rhyme, but it is quite diverting enough as it is, and it is distinguished by a wonderfully clever piece of acting on the part again of Mr. Righton. That Miss Brennan did not show to so much advantage as she generally does is attributable to the circumstance that some of the best of actresses seem to lose their heads when once they put on male habiliments. *Creatures of Impulse* will with ease last out the stay of the Court Theatre Company amongst us; but the weather will have to moderate its transports considerably before good houses will be got to see the comedy of *Randall's Thumb*. A better piece would be irretrievably damned by so execrable a title.

REVIVALISTS AND REVIVALISM.

AN EXPERIENCE MEETING.

FOR the reason that the Revivalists are regarded suspiciously and unfavourably by the majority of the church-going and reading world, we recently determined in a spirit of fairness to substitute their services for one Sunday for those which we usually attend. Our morning visit was paid to the Tabernacle, in Grosvenor-street, Chorlton. This edifice, built originally by those Methodists who, under the leadership of Dr. Warren, seceded from the ranks of the Wesleyans, has latterly been rechristened, and is now known as the Working Men's Mission Hall. The fact that the institution had received the patronage of a man like the Bishop of Manchester marked it as worthy of attention, while placards on the outside of the building inviting the outcast, the drunkard, and the depraved, and intimating that the services were intended for the benefit of people who were not sufficiently well clad to attend other places of worship, suggested that we should find inside an example of the religious specialty of which we were in search. A tall man at the door who, with his fingers between the leaves of a penny hymn-book, appeared to divide his time between singing inside the hall, and touting outside, told us to take a seat on the right of the passage by which we entered, and we accordingly did so, or, rather, allowed the seat to take us. As might be expected from its history, the Mission Hall is simply a big Methodist Chapel, endowed with a maximum of pews and a minimum of beauty. The disestablishment of the pew doors has apparently been the only alteration made in the building by its present possessors. A wide gallery extends from every side towards the centre of the chapel, and, together with the windowed roof, is supported by a series of slim, brown, jointed pillars, with fungus, like capitals, resembling huge bamboos surmounted by mushrooms. In the gallery is an organ, but on the morning in question nobody meddled with it. A platform-pulpit stands in the usual place, but it was unoccupied save by a table and some chairs. At the foot of the pulpit, however, behind another table, was a respectable looking man, evidently officiating as president. The congregation was assembled in the middle of the chapel, the gallery and side-pews being deserted. It consisted of about forty persons, all of whom were respectably and cleanly dressed, from which we gathered rightly that they all belonged to the "converted" class. There were several women and one or two boys, and they like the rest of the people present seemed thoroughly to appreciate the psoceedings.

When we had made these observations we became aware that a man was on his knees, praying in a loud voice. He was very energetic, and seemed to be greatly excited. If earnestness may be safely inferred from strongly emphasized words and severe bodily effort in giving utterance to them, then, he was very earnest. To him succeeded a young man, who prayed for a long time in a very weak voice. Some hymns were also sung, the tunes selected being of the "stir up this stu—" species. In one of these hymns the words "and turn their hell" forming a part of a line, were so frequently repeated without any regard to the context, that we found ourselves mechanically singing—"and turn their head." After some time had been spent in these exercises the president arose and, opening a big Bible which lay before him, read a chapter from the Book of Proverbs. He introduced the reading with a few remarks to the effect that even Solomon, in spite of all his wisdom, had fallen from a state of holiness and, for aught we knew to the contrary, died a depraved man; and, therefore, that it behoved the best of us to be careful lest in spite of our imagined righteousness we became wicked.

The most interesting, and to us novel portion of the service followed. Closing the book, the chairman invited anyone present who felt that way disposed to relate to the meeting his religious experiences, coupling his invitation with a request that every speaker would be careful to confine his remarks to the narrative of experiences only, and not indulge in preaching. There had, he said, been far too much preaching lately, and if people would just tell them what the Lord had done for them, the

narrative would prove more useful than any mere sermonizing. The first to respond was a young man, who frankly told us that he had been a very wild, reckless blasphemer and a bad son. He had been passing the hall a few weeks before with his wife, and had been induced to go in. Since then he had been a regular visitor, could do without swearing, could keep sober, and had found a religious life to be beneficial in every way. At times he felt in a state of happiness which he could not describe. Our energetic friend followed this speaker, and read a chapter from the Epistles. We may just remark here that we always have pleasure in hearing a working man read the Scriptures. The words come out in their original simplicity without our having any suspicion of a merely theological or sectarian meaning. The chapter concluded, the reader proceeded to relate his experiences. The past week had been to him a varied one; at times he had been down in the valley, and anon on Pisgah's top. He was troubled with a blackguardly and drunken relative, who came and abused and insulted him. The time had been when he would not have stood it; but would have "been up with his fisses and his feet." Now he could bear it with patience. He had also been travelling in a railway carriage a few days before, in the midst of a company of scoffers. He had let them abuse religion for some time; then he felt that it was his duty to take arms in his Master's cause; so he had shouted out that sobriety and righteousness were better than drunkenness and vice. A woman next, with downcast head, addressed the assembly, but we could not distinguish what she said. A man who had never been pre-eminently bad found that religion did very well for him, insomuch that the people at home wondered how it was that "the old chap took things so quietly." With these few remarks he would sit down. We did not quite escape a sermon, as the young man with the weak voice had a good deal to say in the preaching manner, whereat the chairman grew very restless. The speaker had just brought his remarks round to the inevitable French war when a hint from the latter appeared to cause his sudden collapse. The remarks of a second female speaker were, like those of the first, inaudible. The last individual who addressed us was an old man, who appeared principally anxious to express his conviction that Solomon was saved, after all. A collection, and some more singing and praying followed, and then the meeting was brought to a close.

It is quite true that much of what we saw and heard was grotesque and crude. It was often even difficult to refrain from smiling, and several utterances seemed at first superficial and silly. But before persons who are accustomed to a more decorous and intellectual mode of worship criticise such gatherings and question their utility and permanent effectiveness, it is desirable that several points should be considered. Much talk that seems parrot-like and egotistical must fairly be attributed to the nervousness of illiterate men unaccustomed to public speaking. Many men even who are not illiterate, and whose private characters are estimable, would often be surprised if they could read in print *all* that they have said on a public platform, and see the manner in which it was said. Our tongues are sometimes uncontrollable members, and have occasionally a habit of talking, quite independently of our judgment and will, for the mere sake of saying something. It may be said that it would be better if these men were not called upon to talk at all. We hesitate to think so. It seems to us possible that such gatherings may evolve much of mutual help and encouragement for people placed in peculiar circumstances and subjected to trials of a character which many of us are totally unable to realise. The same may be said on behalf of the apparently mere physical excitement under which some of the speakers laboured. When we contemplate the various conditions of the sons of men, we almost despair of the possibility of innumerable modes of worship being swallowed up in one. Before one kind of religious ministration and exercise can prove most suitable to the wants of all, at least the burdens of all must be to some extent equalised. The man who is surrounded by books, and whose eyes have been opened to the most perfect condition of intellectual contentment, may find the strongest help to a good life in philosophical meditation and sweet converse with God through His created works of beauty, while the man who has to meet rougher temptations, and to overcome rougher passions, requires a simpler and perhaps coarser *pabulum*.

We gathered from our experiences at the Experience Meeting that the class of people who attend such gatherings find the fruits of conversion in sobriety of life, abstention from blasphemy, and patience in trouble. This seems to us to mean that the converted working man is to be free from the sins to which he is peculiarly liable, and which are most ruinous to himself and to all dependent upon him. To what extent the Revivalists are successful in producing such reforms and making them permanent we are unable to conjecture. Whether or not there are any commercial speculations at the bottom of any of the movements we do not know. The money-giving public has a right to inquire carefully into these matters, and we in particular should like to know whether the five hundred pounds subscribed for the purchase of the Tabernacle has been paid to the owners thereof, and to whom the Mission Hall will belong when the whole of the debt is cleared. But this latter question has but little to do with Revivalism as a system. As for the first, we may say that we have personally known one or two "converts," who proved to be the most hypocritical scoundrels we have ever encountered. We suspect, however, that at least as large a per centage of revivalist congregations become sober and virtuous as of the members of richer and more fashionable churches become charitable, humble, and modest.

MANCHESTER TO LIVERPOOL BY WATER.

IN these days of swift locomotion, a trip by boat, per canal, to Liverpool, may not be very inviting to the most lively and erratic of individuals. We do not mean a run down by the narrow boat steamers at a shilling a head, like a cargo of cattle, but a flat journey in the mercantile interest, full of valuable merchandise, and two hands all told. Apart from the Bridgewater Trustees, who are virtually the owners of the canal, the water carriers of Manchester have an extensive traffic to and from Liverpool by this conveyance, the largest of whom, in every respect, is Thompson, McKay, & Co., who have a regular flotilla of boats constantly in the service. The Bridgewater Trust, as carriers, are subordinate, their business not being considerable even since they bought up a few of the minor carriers, such as Jacksons and The Merchants. Thompson, McKay, & Co. and Carver & Co., the principal railway agents, are also the most extensive canal carriers of Manchester.

The description of traffic hence to Liverpool consists principally of shipping goods, which are mostly taken alongside the vessels in the Liverpool docks or in the river. This is the rule when the flat's cargo consists of one or more consignments for the same ship. When a boat has a sundry cargo she goes into the Duke's Dock to discharge her goods, which are then carted to the respective quays, or into the town, as the case may be, or both. When the vessels are not closing, and great despatch is not required, merchants prefer the boat conveyance to the rail, because the goods are less liable to damage during transit, although the risk of entire loss is on the side of the flat, whereas, by railway trucks, depreciation by fridging is the most common danger. A good boat, with a very valuable cargo, has gone down in the Mersey before now, but the loss has fallen upon the carriers, if not legally at least honourably, who cannot protect themselves by insurance against such catastrophes no more than a railway company can insure trains against destruction.

The traffic to Manchester mainly consists of cotton, timber, heavy groceries, and the like, requiring storage, more or less, and for which there is greater accommodation, and much more facilities, than about the rail premises. The rates of carriage being uniform by either route, the advantages peculiar to the water conveyance are of such a nature as to be unassailable by the greatest railway competition. Hence the enormous tonnage conveyed annually in the aggregate by water.

It may be here well to explain that the leading carriers hold a very independent position on the canal. They build their own boats, have their own horses and baiting stables on the way, and their own servants here, there, and everywhere. To the Bridgewater trustees they pay a certain toll and dues per ton carried, apart from which they are beyond control in the ordinary sense. The boats run specially twice a day at what is termed speed time, that is, to make the high water at Runcorn, from whence tug steamers tow a fleet alongside the docks.

Before committing ourselves to the tender mercies of boatmen on a voyage of discovery, we experienced a sort of unromantic feeling, akin

to that which Greenwood must have endured just as he was tumbled into the greasy bath at the casual ward in Lambeth workhouse. But journalists, like detectives, are often thrown amid queer companions in the interests of society, and, somehow, people really fail to properly appreciate the important investigations of either. We care very little about this point, but we are a little anxious in respect to the condition of the craft, and the sort of fellows to whom we are about consigning ourselves for at least twelve mortal hours. Remembering that the holder of a free railway ticket is not entitled to compensation in the event of accident, we felt pretty certain that a clandestine passenger by goods boat would receive small sympathy in case of an awkward duck in the canal, or an unaccountable pitch into the river. So it evidently behoved us to be exceedingly civil and rather good-natured, as well as critical and observant during the trip. We selected an early hour for sailing, as affording an opportunity of having all daylight for the voyage; but we would recommend anybody who purposes—but, no, we rather wouldn't recommend anything of the sort, because we are not as yet sufficiently uncharitable to even remotely suggest another enterprising journey by goods flat to Liverpool—at all events while the rail holds out.

Our boat (you'll observe we want to cultivate a friendly acquaintance with all hands) came underneath the warehouse at Castlefield, and the goods were carefully and in a twinkling lowered down and stowed away in fine style in no time. We tried to fancy we had a kind of co-operative interest in this special cargo of merchandise, and endeavoured to imagine that the boat and her belongings were somewhat remotely attached to us. By the aid of a pair of active little horses the "Governor"—that is our flat—gets under weigh, and we begin to clear out of murky, smoky Manchester. The traveller's sensations on clearing out were not exactly ecstatic, nor were we reassured by the confusion of discordant sounds, more forcible than parliamentary, which accompanied every hair-breadth escape of collision. We tried to contemplate, and failed; then we became studious and had to give it up. Working steadily through Stretford and Sale, we began to brighten up, and essayed to be chatty to the captain. This, however, we found was doubly difficult, from the combined facts that he had a tremendous impediment in his speech, and if he hadn't had a tremendous impediment in his speech an interpreter was required to make the conversation intelligible. This was really embarrassing, to say the least of it, because so much depended upon sailing under an intelligent officer. In fact, it was the more vexatious as the first-mentioned obstacle had reference only to the ordinary conversational tones, as he could articulate, with a stentorian voice, at a considerable elevation, right enough.

The Governor is several years old, but still in good order, clean, well painted and appointed, to the merest trifle, nothing wanting to complete her in any shape or way. The owners, Thompson's, are noted on the canal as enforcing the greatest tidiness and cleanness as regards boats and flats. Each boat has two cabins, the fore for the captain and his wife, and the other for the hand without encumbrance. The former captain of the Governor is said to have been a singular but worthy man. He had the cabin most neatly done up and embellished with a capital library, arranged in quite an unique style. As a protection to his expanding intellect he always wore his hair smoothly over his forehead to his eyes, where its further progress was arrested by being regularly trimmed round in the form of a skull cap. This man was on the canal forty years, and is still in the same employ on land. It is a mistaken notion to suppose all boatmen are roughs beyond redemption. We once heard an itinerant street preacher emphatically declare, upon what he maintained were incontestible grounds, that "even a common carter had a soul to be saved." So with flatmen; it must not be assumed they are without the pale of civilization. Our captain has been eight years in this employ, which, it seems, is nothing, as Thompson's have captains who have seen constant service for ten, fifteen, twenty, and twenty-five years. They are good masters, who *will* have efficiency and steadiness, finding which they value the men in proportion, and manage to retain them by making it worth while for the servants to stick to the firm. Under such employers this lengthened servitude means honesty, decency, sobriety, and general good conduct on the part of the men, which is more than can be said of people in the higher and more refined grades.

The captain is paid by the trip up and down again to Manchester, whether empty, or light, or full of cargo, three of which trips he can make easily each week. This would give about five guineas for the two men. If they only made a couple of trips it would yield a couple of pounds to the captain, and about thirty shillings to the man, neither of whom is troubled with house rent or taxes. When busy this income may be doubled; besides there are extras to swell the wages. The horse drivers are young fellows of roughish habits, earning regular weekly wages of about twelve shillings, besides lodgings at either station, Manchester, Lymm, and Runcorn. Each driver keeps to his own pair of horses, and goes to the kitchen as the latter goes to the stables. At the first stage from hence, Lymm, a fresh pair of horses is ready for each boat to go on to Runcborn, and, after baiting, returns with another flat, which, in an emergency, it brings on to Castlefield without putting up. The horses work hard, but are well cared for, and well fed on crushed corn and chopped hay, upon which they do, on an average, five stages each per week. For every boat there are two horses, with a pair or so extra in case of need. Complete stable accommodation is provided, or rather exists, at the three places named, so that for one lot of horses and one gang of men three distinct premises and staffs must be maintained, for it happens, not frequently perhaps, that nearly all the boats get now and again to one end or the other. Drivers who have three separate residences, one in the city, another in the country, and a third at the seaside, together with decent wages and a good pair of nags to ride when they like, are not ill off as things go. Indeed, when we learned that none of the men ever heard of dyspepsia, and didn't know what sickness was, we were not indisposed to be envious.

We had now got beyond Dunham, fairly amidst the cornfields and meadow lands which stretched away on either side. It is clear and hot, and the blazing sun rather too powerful. We have exhausted our inquiries and patience together, and look about for something to keep us going. But we don't see anything to keep us going except the horses, who are pretending to go as fast as they can with forty tons behind them. There are certainly other flats about, but those behind don't seem to care to get up to us, and those ahead we shall never reach. The novelty has gone, the excitement ceased, and monotony stares us in the face. Coming to a bridge our driver cracks, and somebody else at the other side cracks his whip, whereupon captain says a Carver's coming. Being at this time in an acutely critical frame of mind we ask how does he know it's a Carver, how does he know it isn't a narrow boat, a coaler, a Duke's, or any other craft? Why, because he knows every firm's boat by the sound of the whip! This is a cutting answer, anyhow, lashed out with the roar and force sufficient to hail a mate at Runcorn. This remarkable gift, however, is borne out by facts at each bridge on the way. We are still wending along awfully slowly, and we begin to feel very awkwardly situated. The Captain has gone below, the Hand is at the helm, the Driver is asleep on the back of one of the horses, and an uncomfortable stillness prevails around us. We can't get away from the sun or the silence, nor lounge upon tarpaulin covers, or stretch along a ledge of red paint. We don't smoke, and have nothing to drink. We look at the Hand, but the Hand ignores us. We are meditating desertion and a search for some civilizing society, when the Hand suddenly suggests we should do a bit of shooting, there being a gun on board. This was intended maliciously, as a safe opening to the treadmill, but we declined the risk. We got feverish, and wondered whether Columbus got feverish when he was going he didn't know where. We should like to sit down and make calculations and geographical observations, but we can't. We pace the burning deck languidly, like a convict on his way to the hulks. We endeavour to invoke our natural love of nature, and combine an appreciation of the solemnity of the scene with a depreciation of the confusion of the nasty city, but it won't do. We fancy we are beginning to be hazy about most things, except a strong antipathy to Thompson's flat, the Governor, about which we are clear enough.

That we survived the trip need hardly be stated, nor is it necessary to describe how that we at last reached Runcorn just in time to get attached to the tail end of a fleet of boats, which a steamer towed safely alongside the Duke's Dock, Liverpool, where we parted company late in the evening, extremely glad to exchange the stimulating company of our hotel for the dreadful monotony of McKay's Governor.

GREAT NORTHERN, & MANCHESTER, SHEFFIELD, AND LINCOLNSHIRE RAILWAYS.

FORESTERS' FETE AT CRYSTAL PALACE, 22ND AUGUST.

INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION AT LONDON.

CHEAP EXCURSIONS to LONDON (King's Cross Station), for FIVE DAYS, will run as under on MONDAYS, 14th, 21st, and 28th AUGUST, returning the following FRIDAY from date of issue.

STATIONS.	Time.		Fares to London, King's Cross, and Back.	
	morn.	morn.	Cov. Car.	First Class.
MANCHESTER. London-rd. dp	—	10 10		
OLDHAM, Clegg-street	—	9 40		
STALYBRIDGE	—	9 55		
ASHTON, Park Parade	—	9 59		
Dukinfield	—	10 2		
Hayfield	8 40	—		
NEW MILLS	8 49	—	s. 15	s. 25
Marple	8 57	—		
Hyde	—	10 12		
GUIDE BRIDGE	—	10 20		
STOCKPORT, Teviot Dale	9 40	—		
Woodley	9 48	—		
Godley	—	10 30		
LONDON, King's Cross, ar. ab	4 0	5 25		

Returning from King's Cross at 11 a.m. on Fridays, 18th and 25th August, and 1st September.

Tickets, bills, and every information can be had in Manchester at the Manchester, Sheffield, and Lincolnshire Railway Booking Offices; also, at 6, Brown-street (opposite the Post Office): and at the usual agents.

R. G. UNDERDOWN,
General Manager.

London Road Station,
Manchester, August, 1871

GREAT NORTHERN, AND MANCHESTER, SHEFFIELD, & LINCOLNSHIRE RAILWAYS. CHEAP ONE OR TWO DAYS' TRIP TO LONDON FOR 8s. FORESTERS' FETE AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE, 22nd Aug. INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION AT KENSINGTON.

On Monday, 21st August, a CHEAP EXCURSION to LONDON (King's Cross), for ONE or TWO DAYS, will run as under:

STATIONS.	Time of Starting.	Fares to London (King's Cross) and back. 1st Class.	Cov. Carr.
Manchester (London-road Station)	12 5		
Guide Bridge	12 15		
Newton	12 20	16s. ..	8s.
Godley Junction	12 25		
Mottram	12 30		
Dinting	12 35		
London .....arr. about	7 20		

Returning from London (King's Cross) at 9 15 p.m. the same day, or at 11 30 p.m. on Tuesday, 22nd Aug.

Children under three years of age, free; above three and under twelve, half fares.

Tickets not transferable, and the Companies will not be responsible for luggage

Tickets, bills, and every information can be had in Manchester at Manchester, Sheffield, and Lincolnshire Railway Booking Offices; also, at 6, Brown Street (opposite the Post Office); of Messrs. Albert Megson and Sons, 107, Market-street; Mr R. Edgar, 26, Piccadilly; Mr. J. R. Cooper, bookseller, 1, Bridge-street; Mr. James Wheeldon, chemist, Stockport-road; Mr. J. B. Mossop, Medical Hall, Longsight; Mr. H. Maiden, chemist, Bury; Mr. Walkden. *Standard Office*, Blackburn; Mr. Sutcliffe, 2, Lord-street, Rochdale; Mr. W. Waddington, Jun., stationer, &c., Todmorden; and Mr. Thomas Cunliffe, *Guardian Office*, 10, Oxford-road, Bolton. R. G. UNDERDOWN, General Manager.

London Road Station, Manchester, Aug., 1871.

MIDLAND RAILWAY.

CHEAP WEEKLY EXCURSIONS TO BUXTON, MATLOCK, AND MALVERN.

Every Friday and Saturday, until Saturday, October 28th, 1871, RETURN TICKETS, at the following low fares, will be issued from the undermentioned Stations to BUXTON, MATLOCK, AND MALVERN, by any of the Ordinary Trains, available for returning by any Train up to the following Monday Evening.

Stations.	FARES. To Buxton. 1st Cls.	To Buxton. 2nd Cls.	To Matlock. 1st Cls.	To Matlock. 2nd Cls.	To Malvern. 1st Cls.	To Malvern. 2nd Cls.
	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.
Manchester	6 0	4 6	9 6	7 0	24 0	18 3
Stockport (Tev. Dale)	5 0	3 6	8 6	6 0	22 0	16 0
Stalybridge } .... Guide Bridge }	5 0	3 6	9 0	6 6	23 6	17 6

In Manchester Tickets can be obtained at Cook's Excursion and Tourist Office, 43, Piccadilly; and at the Midland Booking Office, London Road Station.

JAMES ALPORT,
General Manager.

Derby, June, 1871.

PRINCE'S THEATRE, MANCHESTER.

FRIDAY, AUGUST 18TH, 1871.

BENEFIT OF MISS MARIE LITTON,
LAST APPEARANCE BUT ONE OF THE ROYAL COURT THEATRE COMPANY.
W. S. GILBERT'S Successful Comedy,
RANDALL'S THUMB.
And W. S. GILBERT'S Celebrated Fairy Comedy,
THE PALACE OF TRUTH.

PRINCE'S THEATRE, MANCHESTER.

On MONDAY, the 21st inst, and following evenings,
THE GRAND DUCHESS,
Supported by the
GAIETY THEATRE (London) OPERA BOUFFE COMPANY.
Miss Julia Matthews, Miss Tremaine, Mdlle. Albertazzi, Md le, Esta, Mr. J D. Stocle, Mr. Aynsley Cooke, Mr. Charles Lyall (his last appearance in England previous to joining Mdlle. Nilsson's Opera Compa y in America), Mr. Furneaux, Mr. Fox, Mr Carlton, Mr. F. Payne, Mr. H. Payne, Mr. W. H. Payne, and full Chorus.
The Band and Ballet will be augmented.
Prices as usual.

THE PEOPLE'S CONCERT HALL, LOWER MOSLEY STREET, MANCHESTER.

On MONDAY, August 21st, and During the week, the Great Original Troupe of OLIVER'S CHRISTY'S MINSTRELS. (Sole Proprietor, Mr Arthur Moyar), from the St. James's Hall, London, Crystal Palace, Sydenham, &c., &c., in their faithful and refined delineations of Negro life and character; SEVEN STAR ARTISTES; each member selected for his individual merit and unequalled talent. Continued success and Last Six Nights of Madame and the Brothers FRANTZ, the most Astonishing, Daring, and Expert Gymnasts and Athletes in the Profession. First appearance of Mr FRANK FINCH, Characteristic Comique and Dancer. Engagement for Six Nights only of Miss KATE HARDING and Mr. FRED JOHNSON, the Great Comic Duetists, Duologue and Burlesque Artistes, Vocalists, &c First Appearance of Mr. SAM REDDEN, The World-renowned Negro Comedian, and Great Stump Orator. Engagement of the Funniest Couple Out, Mr. and Mrs. METRO CARLE, Sensation Duetists, Dancers, Actors, &c. Seeing and judging for yourselves is the only way to baffle prejudice. First Appearance of Mr. F. WAKEFIELD, Operatic Vocalist in Character.)—Director of the Entertainments, Mr. THOS. ACTON.

HYDROPATHIC ESTABLISHMENT

FOR LADIES AND CHILDREN.—32, Sydney Street, Oxford Street, Manchester.—Manageress. Mrs. LEIGH. As practised at Ben Rhydding, Matlock, &c The mild water treatment adopted in this system is perfectly safe for the most delicate constitutions, and is applicable to every variety of disease.

Terms: One treatment per day, 6s. 6d. per week; two, 10s. per week; indoor patients, from 20s. per week. Prices of single baths on application.

RUPTURES.—EXHIBITION PRIZE MEDAL, 1862, was awarded to R. WESTBURY,

Inventor and Sole Maker of the
IMPERCEPTIBLE CURATIVE TRUSS,
Deformity Instruments, Elastic Stockings, and other Invalid Appliances
26, OLD MILLGATE, MANCHESTER.

NOW OPEN FOR THE SEASON.

ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS, BELLE VUE.

Entirely New Picture of the
CITY OF STRASBOURG,
With its Cathedral, Forts, &c.
Every Monday, Wednesday, and Saturday will be represented the Siege, Defence, and
FALL OF STRASBOURG,
Amidst BRILLIANT FIREWORKS.
Concluding with a Grand Allegorical Transparency, representing
PEACE WELCOMED BY EUROPE,
Arranged and Painted by Messrs. Danson & Sons, London.
Zoological Collection, Pleasure Boats and Steamers, New Maze, Museum, &c. BAND daily from Three p.m.
Admission 6d.; after Four on Gala Days, 1s.; Saturdays, 1s. after Five

ROYAL POMONA PALACE AND GARDENS,

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The above popular and splendidly-appointed
PALACE,
covering 1½ acre,
with the elegant Refreshment-room, IS NOW OPEN for the Season. The recent Elaborate
DECORATIONS
have rendered it the Most Fashionable and Agreeable Place of Amusement in the City. The Celebrated
PALACE BAND
under the able direction of Mr. O. Gagge,
EVERY MONDAY, WEDNESDAY, and SATURDAY, At Three o'clock.
Admission, 6d. each. No extra charge.
Sundays, for promenade, 3d. each.

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(Late CARTER),
FISHMONGER, &c.,
REMOVED TO
21, SMITHY DOOR,
BEHIND FRUIT MARKET,
VICTORIA STREET.

FINE FLAVOURED STRONG BEEF TEA at about 2½d. a pint. ASK FOR

LIEBIG COMPANY'S EXTRACT OF MEAT, requiring Baron Liebig the Inventor's Signature on every jar, being the only guarantee of genuineness.

Excellent economical stock for soups, sauces, &c.

HEALTH! DELICACY!! ECONOMY!!!

MAYAR'S SEMOLINA.

NOTICE.

[*Read this with care and attention.*]

THE MANUFACTORY of MAYAR'S SEMOLINA was established in 1815. It is the oldest and the largest in the world, Twenty-five million pounds being yearly produced. (25,000,000.)

Our SEMOLINA is the staple food in France, Russia, Spain, Italy, &c., and will soon be that of England. It has obtained

24 PRIZE MEDALS

in the Grand Exhibitions for its superiority over all others; and is pronounced by the most eminent members of the Medical Profession, both in London and in Paris, to be far more nutritious than Tapioca, Arrow-root, Corn Flour (which are only Starch), or any farinaceous food already introduced into this country. See Dr Hassall's Analytical Report.

N.B.—Being determined to maintain its reputation, we again CAUTION the public that an imitation, to which a false and ridiculous name has been given, is introduced by a well-known firm, taking advantage of its name and publicity to sell a similar article of very inferior quality, to realise extra profits, and who advertise in favour of that article the qualities possessed by our Semolina

As a proof of our assertion, we challenge a comparison by analysis between our SEMOLINA and the so-called *Pearlina*.

MAYAR'S SEMOLINA
After is solely the heart of the very best Wheat.

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a trial is richer than any other farinaceous food, in nitrogenous matter and gluten. Indispensable in the bone and muscular formation.

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